



"A MOST UNLUCKY URCHIN IS MY YOUNGER BROTHER, JIM.  
WHENEER HE CLIMBS AN APPLE-TREE, HE FALLS AND BREAKS A LIMB!"

## Lord Ballyrot in Slangland



On arrival at a rural hostelry, I

requested of mine host if he could accommodate me with the facilities for a bawth at once, you know. At first he was a bit mystified, but finally seemed to comprehend and ejaculated:

"O, I'm jerry. You mean you want to hit a sloshing turneen. Well, mister, we've got the only next-to-godliness suds tank in this here county. As soon as Maw empties it out of last season's spuds and cabbages we'll fill it up with hot kettle sap and then you can do a Brodie off a cake of soap and make a noise like a walrus in the skin laundry."

My word!

### ROMANCE

"Observe yon mountain," said the guide,

"Which rises from the plain.

Two lovers once climbed to its top  
And ne'er came back again."

"Ah! what an awful death to die,"

Remarked the new-made bride,

"They didn't die," he said. "They  
just

Went down the other side."